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WORST OF HORRORS

Visit to War Hospitals Described by Writer.

Procession of the Blind Soldiers Leaves an Impression of the Awful Hideousness of War That Can Never Be Effaced.

By GRACE ELLISON.

Northern France.—A little town nestling in a wealth of trees—in peace time it is almost unheard of, now it is an important military station—this is my next halting place. Every house is occupied by soldiers, every building of importance is turned into a hospital.

So near the front there are cases which need all the science of the trained nurse to pull them through. Men unnerved almost to madness, men who mistake all the male staff for the enemy—one has only to listen to the ravings of these poor men to know something of the strain of war on them.

I was taken to the eye ward to see the operations there. Of all the horrors of war, is not this the worst? I have seen jaws smashed beyond recognition—human beings who had forgotten their very names—men who can live to a ripe old age and never have anything in common with the great life going on around them; but the procession of blind men, or men who might be blind, has left an impression of the hideousness of war that can never be effaced.

Here is a brilliant young lieutenant. His father was only a concierge, but he worked and saved to give his son his chance. The son has gone through with flying colors—now he is blind. He was lying in the officers' ward when I saw him—the ward was darkened, for there were others suffering, too. He had in his hand a portrait of the little girl he had never seen. "Only take off the bandage an instant, that I may look at my little girl," he pleaded. "I dare not," answered the doctor. Who will have the courage to tell him the truth?

A poor man has come that day from the trenches—the blood is still on his face—his eyes are bandaged. An old man leads him in, and the nurse prepares him for the examination. One sees the answer on the doctor's face—blind, blind—one after another. One dare not think—the horror of it all seems to numb one's very soul.

We have started early, for we have so far to go and we are stopped; it is another examination of our papers. But who is speaking? Voices seem to be beside me in the car! What is this mystery? I listen carefully, when suddenly two officers pop up from underground and disappear. The horrid, uncanny idea trench war is! It does not somehow seem fair and square.

We have to pass along the road which the French soldiers have christened "the Jaws of Death." A young man on the way tells us the Germans pepper everyone who goes up that road—perhaps we shall be the exception. Up the narrow, stony passage we plow our way—if by any chance the car stops we are finished—yet if we go too quickly we shall make a cloud of dust. As it is we are part and parcel of the dusty landscape. I keep my eyes on the enemy's lines. And on we go till we have turned the corner and are safe again for a while.

On and on we go—more and more distinctly is the firing heard. Where are we? We are on a height, and suddenly we discover an artillery duel is taking place in the trenches near by—the trenches are ablaze, shells are bursting on all sides. They are going to bombard the hill. The tocsin has already sounded, and all the inhabitants are in the cellars. A group of three women rush out from a neighboring house. One is biting her shawl, another is sobbing bitterly, and yet another cries in anguish, "Year in, year out, how long must this suffering last?"

We are ordered into the cellars. A German aeroplane is there to direct the enemy's firing. We have been seen—this time we have to go through the shells—they will finish us now. Our only hope is speed. One shell has burst 80 yards from the car. Another is sent ahead—it has struck a farm, and the farm blazes up in pillars of smoke and fire. My chauffeur drives right through it—on and on like a flash of lightning.

Have they ceased firing? I shall hear those shells for days and days. I am too tired even to be tired. All along the road the troops are moving. They are so covered with dust they might be Asiatics, and the sun has browned them to a manliness a woman cannot fail to admire.

It was a curious visit. I was glad I went. But how strange they look, these dwellers in the bowels of the earth. In one trench is a roof of hurdles, covered with leaves, which opens and shuts like the fairy-book trapdoor; there is a mud and hurdle seat, on which letters are being written to those loved ones left behind.

And they are all so well and happy and confident, these soldiers, and so courteous and so manly. Can it be possible they are the Parisians we knew only a year ago? The ordering out of the pale, undersized males, who lounge along the boulevards; the taking from the cafes, drawing rooms and theater wings the idle youth of the country, and turning them into dwellers of the forest and plain, with a sense of danger and duty, is not this the only side of war that is tolerable?

JOHN D., JR., IN OVERALLS

Forgetting for the time that he was the most powerful young man in industry in America, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., son of the great Standard Oil magnate, dressed in a suit of overalls and went down into the coal mines of Trinidad to see for himself under what conditions his men labored, and to investigate the causes of the great strike which practically caused civil war in Colorado.

GETS LEGACY AND WINS BET

Akron Man Receives a Bequest of $5,700 From Germany in Spite of the War.

Akron, O.—Charles Quast of this city has received a bequest of $5,700, a share of his parents' estate in Germany. He has thereby won a $10 bet.

Since the death of his parents several months ago Quast has been endeavoring to get his share of the estate. A friend, John Ritzman, bet him $10 that he would never get the money because of the war.

OLD SLAVE IN HIGH SCHOOL

Martha Washington, 72, of Cincinnati, Resolves to Win Diploma on Merit.

Cincinnati. — Martha Washington, aged seventy-two, a former slave, has been enrolled in the West night high school here. She has been attending the evening classes from the first year they have been organized, 15 years ago, and says she will not quit until she has been awarded a diploma on merit.

The superintendent says one for persistency will be given to her if not for anything else.

The "Old Man" Won.

Smith Centre, Kan.—At the recent Smith county fair a feature of the racing was the free-for-all farmers' trot. Three generations of the Holmes family were represented by entries. They were Bacon Holmes; his son, Clarence Holmes, and grandson, Dick Holmes. The two young men had a plot fixed up to pocket the "old man," but it failed when one of the horses broke. The elder Holmes took the race in straight heats.

TEN MINNIES CLAIM HOARD

Marshall, Mo.—Ten Minnie Reaubeaus already have made claim to the $20,000 in gold coin and nuggets dug up at the home of Charles Reaubeau, a recluse, whose will left the treasure to Minnie Reaubeau, a niece.

It was believed Reaubeau had considerable money, but no trace of it could be found until the recent flood washed away the old house and exposed a corner of an iron box buried under it.

Deaf, Twists Neck, Hears.

Troy, Kan.—Following an attack of typhoid pneumonia, Frank High, a young man of this place, was totally deaf for ten months and his doctors failed to help him. A few days ago in a tussle with Zack Bailey, High's neck got twisted and his hearing came back instantly.

A maxim silencer: Children should be seen and not heard.

VENICE DURING WAR

Practically Closed to Visitors of Every Nationality.

The Gondola and the Pigeons of St. Mark's Square, the City's Two Chief Characteristics, Threatened With Destruction.

By CAMILLO CIANFARRA.

(International News Service.)

Venice.—Of all the threats and perils which the exigencies of modern progress, and the requirements of modern life have heaped on Venice and her unique quaint beauty, those resulting from war are practically the worst, as they threaten to destroy two of Venice's chief characteristics, the gondola and the pigeons of St. Mark's square.

Venice saw her last brilliant season in the spring of 1914. As to the summer bathing season, it was hastily interrupted at its height by the sudden outbreak of hostilities. Owing to her position, to the fact that she possesses one of the most important military arsenals of Italy and that she is the seat of the maritime defense of the Adriatic, the city has since then been practically closed to visitors of every nationality.

After Italy's intervention, Venice became a sort of Asiatic forbidden city, and not even Italians are admitted without a special permit from the commander in chief. This permit, however, is only issued to those who can prove to the satisfaction of the inquisitorial authorities that they have legitimate business to transact within the city boundaries, and is invariably temporary. Idlers, curiosity mongers, and the socalled lovers of the picturesque, are inexorably excluded. As to the newspaper men—well, Admiral Cutinelli regards them as the most undesirable of all, whether they be Italians or from the allied countries.

The first result of the stringent measures adopted by the military authorities concerning the sojourn of foreigners, was a general closing of all large hotels and the transforming of the Lido into a sort of huge sanitarium where thousands of convalescing soldiers now bask in the sun wrapped in long white tunics and await the time for returning to the front "to finish the job." With the hotels scores of curio, lace and other shops closed to save expenses while waiting for the return of the good times.

But those who have suffered most from the absence of visitors are the thousands of pigeons nestling in the buildings and towers of Venice's famous square. It is a well-known fact that the few pounds of Indian corn the municipality provides for their maintenance are anything but sufficient properly to nourish the poor creatures, and that it was the charity of the tourists which in former years and at all seasons provided them with substantial food.

As to the gondolas and the gondoliers, they have suffered terribly from the war, and their fate resembles much that of the pigeons. It was the tourist and the wealthy visitor who patronized the gondolier, and their absence from the city for more than a year has compelled scores of gondola proprietors to go out of business and sell their outfit at a sacrifice.

The gondolier, the thick-set, sunburned, muscular specimen of humanity, that sent the gondola skimming 20 yards over the glassy surface at every stroke of the long oar, has disappeared with the mobilization, and is now either at the front or serving on one of the men-of-war cruising the Adriatic. Only a few old ones are left, and the visitor who now crosses the Grand canal is painfully impressed by the small number of gondolas in service.

HUNTS FOR BIG GAME AT 99

"I Don't Take Water From Any of These Young Fellows," Says Spry Veteran.

Portland, Ore.—Jeremiah Paulsell, ninety-nine years old, has taken out a license to hunt big game. He claimed a free license by reason of his being a Civil war veteran.

"I don't take water from any of these young fellows," said Mr. Paulsell.

He was born in Hamilton, Ind., October 10, 1816. He enlisted in the regular army in 1834 and saw service through the Mexican and Civil wars. He expects to go hunting alone.

Storm-Scared, Admits Fraud.

Houston, Tex.—His conscience aroused by the recent Galveston hurricane, an unnamed Missourian has made restitution of $2.40 obtained at the time of the storm of 1900, when he falsely stated he was a victim and so obtained free transportation from Palestine to Longview, Tex

CLING TO OLD IDEAS

HOUSEWIVES SLOW TO ABANDON ANTIQUATED METHODS.

But There Are Many New Ways of Cooking That Are Superior to Those That Have Been Long In Use—Here Are a Few.

Most of us believe what we are told. If you tell a child a lie, it will believe it as readily as the truth very often. If you tell anybody that a tin pan on an asbestos mat is very hot, he will believe you, very probably, and be careful not to touch the pan, although it may be cold. So it is with the lore of cooking—most of us believe it, take it for granted. It has descended to us, it has been told to us by others. And few of us experiment for ourselves to prove its truth.

So it is that we beat eggs with a fork, laboriously, when we wish to have them especially light. We have learned to believe, because we have been told so, that eggs beaten with a fork are lighter than eggs beaten with a Dover egg beater. They are not. That is the decision of a very careful cook, who has experimented with both kinds of eggs. So why waste arm muscle using a fork, when an egg beater does the work in half the time and less?

Another thing we have believed for years is that gelatin, if boiled, would not jelly. It will. Boiling does not seem to affect it—again, according to careful experimentation.

When jelly, made of fruit juice and sugar, will not jelly, it sometimes needs less sugar, rather than more—that is to say, there is so much sugar that a thick sirup instead of a jelly results, and so more fruit juice must be added to bring the right results.

Another bubble to prick—it is not necessary to have cold oil and eggs, bowls and spoon for making mayonnaise. What is necessary is uniformity of temperature. If the oil has been standing in the temperature of the room, let the eggs and bowl stand there until they are all approximately of the same temperature. If the oil has been next to the ice, put the bowl, the spoon or beater and the egg there to become equally cold.

Baked Custard.

Four cupfuls scalded milk, six eggs, one-half cupful sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, few gratings of nutmeg. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt, pour on slowly scalded milk, strain in buttered mold, set in pan of hot water. Sprinkle with nutmeg and bake in a slow oven until firm—which may be readily determined by running a silver knife through custard. If knife comes out clear custard is done. During baking care must be taken that water surrounding mold does not reach boiling point, or custard will whey. Eggs and milk in combination must be cooked at a low temperature.

Chicken Gallosch.

Cut into dice two medium-sized raw potatoes. Put into frying pan two tablespoonfuls olive oil, and when hot add the potato dice. Stir to keep from burning, and cook five minutes. Then add a dash of paprika, a cupful of boiling water, a crushed clove of garlic, a cupful of cold cooked chicken, and salt to taste. Cover and cook until the potatoes are done, stirring frequently.

Cauliflower Salad.

Trim and boil one firm head of fresh cauliflower in fair water until tender, but do not allow it to boil soft. Remove from the fire and drain. When cold slice thinly then allow to marinate one hour in highly seasoned French dressing. When ready to serve drain and lay on fresh lettuce leaves, sprinkle with pepper. Place a heaping tablespoonful of mayonnaise on top of each portion.

Rice Chicken Pie.

Boil until tender one chicken or a good fowl, barely covering with water; remove and boil two cupfuls of rice in the same water; salt while boiling; put the rice into a dish and stir in one teaspoonful of butter, one and one-quarter cupfuls of hot milk and two beaten eggs; season with salt and pepper, put a layer of chicken in a baking dish and then a layer of rice, and so on, until the dish is full, having rice on top; dot with butter and bake till brown.

Apple Omelet.

To eight large apples, stewed very soft and mashed fine, add one cupful of sugar and flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon. When cold stir in three well beaten eggs and one-half teaspoonful cornstarch dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of milk. Stir well and bake slowly for 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Household Hint.

After boiling salt beef leave two or three cooked carrots in the liquor until cold. The carrots will absorb the salt and the liquor will be clear.

A CRITICAL MOMENT

By CHARLES GRAHAM ROSS.

"Fifty."

"Do you hear? Fifty, bid. Do I hear five? All right, sir. And seventy. Seventy-five? Thanks. Last chance, gentlemen. Seventy-five once, twice—"

"I withdraw the horse—I'll pay the selling fee."

Walter Elston, idly engrossed in watching a conventional country horse auction scene, fixed his eye upon the last speaker. Something in the sad drooping face, the half-broken utterance, as if the man was in sorrow or pain, awakened his sympathetic nature magically.

He stood silent and watchful, deeply interested, as from an old-time worn wallet the owner of the horse drew out the one bill it contained, evidently his last, and with a sigh handed it to the auctioneer.

"Sorry, Mr. Young," spoke the latter, "but this is an off day, it seems. Bring Snowfoot around next sales day and we'll try it without extra charge. Your price is pretty steep, but the animal's worth it."

"Yes, I can't possibly do with less than a hundred and fifty dollars," spoke Mr. Young in a subdued tone. "It's a matter of life and death."

Young Elston followed the last speaker as the bridle loosely looped over his arm, he walked slowly away from the bartering crowd. At the road Elston, after a rapid glance over the splendid animal, stepped up to him. The fine points of the horse attracted him. Then again he traced some deep soul tragedy under the words he had overheard.

"Excuse me," he said in an offhand manner, but courteously. "I didn't get a chance to bid on your horse. What's the price, sir?"

"Seventy-five was the top bid," answered the old man, "but I want double."

"Docile?" questioned Elston, examining the teeth of the animal.

Gentle as a kitten, with one who knows his temper—whirlwind under a

"Off His Feed," the Hostler at the Elston Place Told Its Master.

wicked whip lash. My daughter's horse, sir, but we've got to part with him! It is the price of her mother's life. An operation or death, the doctor says, and they won't move without the money in advance."

"I'll take Snowfoot," announced Elston quietly.

An expression of relief, gratitude, joy crossed the face of Robert Young as the crisp bank notes were counted into his trembling hand. His tears fell upon them. He tried to thank Elston, just managed to ask his name and hurried away as though a new hope in life was giving him wings.

"A girl for your owner, eh?" chattered Elston lightly to Snowfoot. "Then we'll treat you gently, my friend," and Snowfoot seemed to accept the words as a guaranty of good faith and went along the road giving Elston no trouble.

At a cross path, however, his steps grew halt. He extended his face down its shaded length, Snowfoot was saying farewell to old familiar scenes!

"Off his feed," the hostler at the Elston place told its master the next day.

"Off himself!" was the report next day.

Snowfoot had pressed out one end of the stable, too intelligent to arouse suspicion by kicking his way out. A search in the neighborhood revealed no trace of the missing animal.

"Snowfoot got homesick and has gone to his young mistress," decided Elston naturally.

Then he shrugged his shoulders lightly. Snowfoot was his property, acquired by legal purchase, but Elston's fancy was pleased to imagine the delight of this unknown Miss Young over the return of her cherished pet.

"You need search no further," he told the hostler. "I think I know where to find the animal."

His impulse was strong to allow Miss Young to retain possession of Snowfoot, but sentiment kept this unknown young lady in his mind all the morning. What was she like? What would her action be when she reasoned out that Snowfoot was a truant?

Elston tried to deceive himself with the idea that he was going to simply take a spin down the river road in the pony phaeton, while in reality he had the town in view fifteen miles distant where he had purchased Snowfoot. He knew that Mr. Young lived somewhere in its vicinity.

Just as he was starting out, his only relative in the world, little Artie, his brother, ran out and insisted on joining him. The tiny lad was the idol of Elston's soul.

"Jump in," he ordered and the eager juvenile was promptly at his side.

Just where the road turned the wife of a man who had been doing some work at the Elston place hailed its master. She explained that her husband had sustained a bad fall, was in bed and would be glad to have a word with him.

Elston went into the house, leaving little Artie in the phaeton, with a warning to hold the lines steady.

Five minutes later when he came out of the house, Elston uttered a cry of alarm and broke into a run. He saw the phaeton three hundred yards away, just ascending the incline that led to the old condemned wooden bridge. Little Artie was tugging at the lines vigorously, but the pony refused to halt or turn.

Then suddenly a quick gasp of alarm parted Elston's lips. The pony had gained the bridge. He saw the animal's front hoofs sink through a rotten plank, the phaeton turn over on its side. It spilled out the merry little driver. With a groan of agony Elston saw his brother go shooting through a break in the planking twenty feet down into the water below.

It was a steep descent at the banks near to the bridge, but down the incline Elston flew, rather than sped. Then he lost his footing, his head struck a shelf of slate, and, with one last view of Artie being borne swiftly down the stream, Elston lost consciousness.

It was fifteen minutes later when Elston roused up. He ran hatless down the stream, in anguished distress scanning its surface.

"Too late!" his bloodless lips repeated. "Oh, Arthur! Arthur!"

Turning a bend, he made out a figure, that of a fair young girl in dripping, clinging garments, standing near a little copse. Beneath a tree near by was a horse, panting and waterflecked. Instantly Elston recognized the animal—it was Snowfoot.

The girl ran towards him, her face colorless, her eyes filled with an intense anxiety.

"You are the doctor?" she cried, seizing his arm impetuously. "Come quick! I have done all I could for the little fellow, but I hailed a man to hurry after you, fearing—"

"My brother!" cried Elston, looking beyond her and observing a little silent form outstretched on the green sward. Then he was on his knees beside the limp prostrate form, uttering his ardent delight as he noted that Artie was breathing regularly, although with closed eyes and pallid face.

The doctor sent for arrived a few minutes later. Artie had been rescued from the river just in time, and it was Snowfoot, urged into the stream by the young lady, who had borne both back to the shore in safety.

And then, embarrassed, but with some coherence as to the situation now, Miss Edith Young explained that her desire to return the truant Snowfoot had brought her to the scene of the accident just in time.

"You must take Snowfoot as a glad gift," insisted Elston, when Miss Young spoke of returning home.

"You must take my lonely self and little Artie, who talks of you all day long," he added, after a month of closer fond acquaintance, and Edith could not say him nay.

Youthful Speculator.

Senator John Sherman made his first speculation when he was a boy of sixteen, and it turned out badly. At the age of fourteen he was working for the Muskingum Improvement company at $25 a month, and at the age of sixteen was superintendent of an important part of the work, and had been advanced to $40. During the winter he was idle, as the canal was closed. It was at this time that he attempted his speculation. Salt was very low on the Muskingum river and very high at Cincinnati. So John bought a lot of salt, loaded it on a scow and started it down the river. All went well until within one day's float of the Ohio river, when the thermometer went down to zero, and the scow remained right there for two long months. Everybody had a great laugh over the youthful speculator, but he lived long enough to return the laugh with interest.